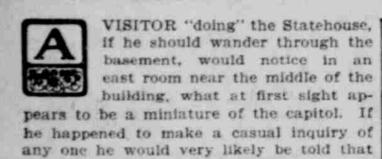
Much Misinformation

Very Few Know About Its Existence and Vandals Have Had a Free Hand .. It Was Made in 1878 for Benefit of Statehouse Commissioners



If he became curious and asked for more information, he might be surprised to learn that no one in the building knows much how it got there or what it was for. No information is obtainable at the State library. In fact, but few persons in the Statehouse know that the miniature is there, and it is likely that the general

he was looking at a model of the State-

public never heard of it. An architect who knows something of its history has this a copy of the building since it has been same, but everything was changed inside building would be like when it was done."
and out. The dome in particular, I remem"Why has the model been kept so long? ber, was greatly altered. The appropriation for the building was \$2,000,000, and changes were made whenever it could be done without exceeding the limit. For example, no marble columns were called the original specifications-only

'Not at all. But one set was made. Changes are made in all buildings after the It is strange that it should have been so plans are drawn, and it was just the same neglected. If it was worth keeping at



Miniature Model of the Statehouse to Be Seen In the Basement

"It is a model made from the original drawings of the Statehouse, but it is not a copy of the building since it has been building as it would appear in reality.

But few persons not architects can tell anything about plans and drawings, and completed. The general outline is the the commissioners wanted to see what the "Why has the model been kept so long?"
"I haven't any idea. It is not of any importance since the Statehouse was completed. I supposed it was destroyed. I haven't seen it for sixteen years.' An effort was made to obtain the name of the maker, but this had escaped the architect's memory. The model was made in 1878, and while rather discolored from dust | pieces. in order to make the changes?" was asked. | and soot it is still in a fair state of preservation considering its exposed condition.

vandal who chooses to leave his mark upon it. It is written all over from the dome to the basement. There are not six with scrawls. It is of plaster of paris, and many of the more ambitious of the destroyers have carved their names in the

is gone, and on the side next to the wall two great holes have been broken. The general appearance suggests that some relic hunter deliberately thrust some instrument through the walls and carried off the

If the model is of any value to the State because of the history or sentiments associated with it, the State would better take find some water-way to Asia, at first some means for its preservation or consign it to the scrap pile at once. At the ica. If the Columbia and Des Moines had all, why was not more care taken with it? Was the model in any way necessary It occupies a good part of one room in the present rate it will be gone in a few years, to the architects or builders?" inquired basement, but nothing has been done for and if the State does not care for it, some

Judge Twinkle "he Far East Aggravation; Philosophizes on Russo-Japanese War

By GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER

in this far East aggravation,' observed Judge Twinkle as he fight that the war dispatches lead us to in the thrilling, real tank drama now playine one night stands all over the slant-

"There, there, never mind! says brave little Japan to Korea. 'I'll protect you.' "'But I don't want to be protected,' says

"'Oh yes you do,' says brave little Janeed the space you take up on the map. I want room to spread,' says Japan. 'I have a painful surplus of Geisha girls rid of at any cost.'

"'Rest easy, little Korea,' says America's old friend, Russia. 'I'll see that nobody gives you the worst of it but me.'

"But I want to be let alone, says Korea. "'Oh, no you don't,' says America's old friend, Russia. 'What you want is a fine, hungry bunch of Cossacks in every village to collect your taxes and send them to St. Petersburg. All we ask in return for this kind service is your seaports and anything are purely disinterested.'

"'Vamoose, or I'll gouge you!' says brave little Japan to America's old friend, Russia civilization. I'm in this philanthropy business for keeps, and I'll not see my little friend Korea bothered. Anyway, I saw it |

"'Out of me way!' says Russia. 'I'm incause I need the money. If you don't scatter I'll knock your head off in the interests of benevolence and peace.'

"'Whurroo!' yeils brave little Japan. and lands a fine wallop, right in the thick of the whiskers, when America's old will look like a bottom meadow in plow sisted Jim, bound to do something to ease time, and the Emperor of Korea will be the orphan's aching heart. 'It's so blame playing seven-up with the Empress of China for enough ground to allow of a decent heathen burial.

"National philanthropy is about as sincere as the handshake of a politician or th' way that well box needs tinkerin'.' any other green goods man. When two of the 'powers' go to war over 'encroachments on 'neutral territory' I feel certain. without looking into the facts at all, that the disputed zone belongs to a wobblykneed nation with no spinal column, and is sprinkled with gold mines, fringed with to where Mary Ann was sitting on the front valuable seaports, or else consists of stoop mighty rich grazing land.

snuff if Russia blows Japan clear out of half an hour's talk about the weather and the ocean, leaving a mere jagged hole in the neighbors. 'Now ef a body, f'r instance, the water where the land of cherry blossoms used to be. Likewise I won't give dollars they could throw the two lots toa hang if Japan buries Russia under her own snow drifts. I can't seem to get properly mushy over either bear or bullin it, and may the best beast win.

There is small choice between them. anyhow. The only Japanese gentleman I ever knew right well skinned me out of \$50 on about a quarter's worth of real Satsuma ware made in Hoboken. I understood then why they call these innocent children of the rising sun the Yankees of the to shore up the kitchen steps a little bit. Orient,' and I've since heard that the little Yankee cards and spades on the wooden ! nutmeg idea. I once hired a Russian, a nobleman and political refugee on his own I was knee high to a duck? confession, to curry my horse, and one day he ran away with the harness. From what young lady now, and it don't seem hardly I've since learned I am lucky that he didn't breeds in court before me and I am con- Ann, as soon as you git over th' shock of vinced they are both just people, like th' dear departed I want to talk business Americans or anybody else, and all the bet- with you. ter for a little watching. The only thing either of them wants is the best of it. Up to now, as I have intimated, all the right ahead with your hog killin'. agonized sympathy my present state of health will allow has been worked off on | ward about speakin' o' worldly things when nervous and shivering Korea. She still they air grief an' tribulation in a body's needs it, but at present I am trying to for- soul, but I wish to remark that I got a During a half hour Mr. Keene had not a get all about the horrid war for the sake leetle over \$3,000 myself. It's out at interest | single chance to get in a word, so voluble Tuesday how the Japs bottled up Port Ar- that amount air mighty comfortable to she had experienced she said:

stand the fish story, the campaign lie, the out at interest that-a-way, it would bring tor, rising. "I regret it was not my pleastax statement and other necessary forms in over \$20 a month, good an' safe, cold of prevarication, but the wasteful men- cash. Then with two lots like yourn an' dacity of the war news must make the mine, an' two houses, th' two people could shade of old Ananias wonder why he was live in one house an' rent the other one. struck dead. You get up one morning and I guess them two would be about in th' gasp over a tale of Japanese heroism, by front ranks o' society in this town, eh? I Colorado Springs Gazette. way of Tokio, that makes Arnold Winkel- | mention this, Mary Ann, because you're a ried and the bundle of Austrian spears he gathered into his breast seem as paltry as I of. the wooden policeman in a Punch and Judy show. You grab your paper the next Ann, 'but I hain't a goin' to make up my morning and find out, by way of St. Pe- mind too quick. tersburg, that it never happened. This is !

the Tokio correspondence, not because I up your off fence there in front. It's law is dead, passed away yesterday at 5 am at all pro-Japanese, but because they scandalous th' way Sam Collopy has wore have so much better imaginations in Tokio, | that path right acrost your front garden, and the dispatches from that point make from his side door out through your front so much better reading. The St. Petersburg | gate. tarradiddles seem to lack those airy emlishments that lift a bald-headed whopper into the realms of respectable fiction. fixing up the Collopy side of Mary Ann's

ty bound and gagged. The native Korean has all the chance of a rabbit in a dog pound. The Jap smiles and kills him, and the Russian prays and kills him-and he can't even take his choice.

"The brotherly love phase of the present scrimmage reminds me of what happened to Mary Ann Turner when I was little Korea has the squirmy thinking part | practicing law years ago down in Grassville. If there was ever a creature on earth who had nothing to be thankful for, Maty Ann was the one, unless she was grateful for the poverty that protected her from trespassers or the mortal ugliness that insured her virtue. Mary Ann was an orphan of uncertain years and she lived in a tumble-down shanty on a narrow strip of ground that lay right between the dwellings of two lone widowers. Sam Collopy

and Jim Fox.

"They had both been widowers long enough to shave twice a week, and to prethat they were young and foolish, but for all that neither one of them ever gave a nestled between them. To this day Mary and Harvard graduates that I must get Ann might have been wrinkling away in solitude, selling the milk and butter from her one cow and scratching for a living. like her own hens in her little two-by-twice garden, if her grumpy old city uncle hadn't taken in a counterfeit cent one day and died of heart disease. Mary Ann got \$3,000. "Three thousand dollars made Mary Ann the village beauty. She looked a whole lot better even to me, and to her two neighbors she was a dazzling vision of golden loveliness. Ordinarily, either Sam Collopy or Jim Fox would skin a flea for the hide and tallow, but within an hour after the news got around they fairly cracked open with feelings of kindness and philanthropy for the helpless orpnan in their midst. Sam invested in a brand new paper collar and knocked on Mary Ann's kitchen door as soon as he could get it buttoned. "'I jest heard of vore affliction, Miss

Turner,' said he, 'and I thought it would only be neighborly to help what I could Ef you'd like to borry a leetle money now, so as to go into mourning, jest say the "'Much obleeged,' replied Mary Ann

but I don't plan to wear no mourning. Uncle Ezra wouldn't a left me none o' that him, I don't see no call to mourn.' "A few minutes later Jim Fox came over all spruced up.

"'In the midst of life we air in death, Miss Turner,' said he with a pious sigh Ef you calkilate to go to the funeral in a hurry I'll be mighty glad to hitch up an' drive you over to the junction. Th' Lord giveth an' th' Lord taketh away. 'Thanky,' said Mary Ann, 'but I don' figger to go to th' buryin'. Uncle Ezra wouldn't a come t' see me, alive or dead, an' I never would run after them that never run after me. I'm too proud.' "'Well then I'll fix up your well,' per-

hain't dropped through long ago. Don't let sorrow blight your young life, Miss 'I hain't sorrowin' none to speak of

replied Mary Ann, 'but it really is shameful "So Jim went out and fixed up the well box, while Sam Collopy watched him from his own kitchen kindow and gritted his teeth. As soon as Jim went away Sam came out with his saw and hatchet and made Mary Ann's chicken coop as good as new, and that very evening he came over

money, Miss Turner,' he observed, after had your lot an' mine an' three thousan gether and build a new house, with a bow window an' a nice portico with turned posts, an' buy that back meadow lot from dog. They are both out for what there is Lige Peters, an' start a terrible well-payin' chicken farm. It hain't right for a lone young woman like you to be without a protector.'

"'It soun's mighty sensible,' agreed Mary Ann, 'but I hain't made up my mind what business I'll go into yit. "The next morning Jim Fox came over "'Miss Turner,' he began, when she came brown merchants can give the original to the door, 'might I call you Mary Ann?' "To be shore, replied Mary Ann. 'Hain't you allus called me that, ever sence

"'Yes, but you've growed up to be proper, onless they air tender intentions take the horse. I have had several of both | back of it,' said Jim with a leer. 'Mary

"'Well, I reckon I'm nigh over th' shock now,' rejoined Mary Ann, 'so ve kin go "'Jes so, says Jim. 'I'm mighty backthur again, and of reading on Wednesday have comin' in every quarter, but a body can't cut much of a splurge on it. But ef That's the aggravating part of it. I can two people had six thousan' odd dollars

> "'It soun's dretful nice,' sighed Mary "'Take yore time, take yore time!' said Jim. 'Death is a terrible thing, but it must | ceived a message by wire stating: 'I recome to all of us. I'm a-going to tinker

lone orphant an' had ort to be took care

"'It's real kind of you,' said Mary Ann. "The minute Sam Collopy saw Jim Fox | the way, the young husband wired back;

Both agree, however, in the determination I fence he turned black as ink, went in for his tools and closed up the gap in the used that gap to strike across to his own back lot, and he had a path a foot wide worn through Mary Ann's kitchen garden. "Naturally all diplomatic relations beon, and as soon as Grassville found out how the land lay they issued war bulletins about and precedent the disputed territory was benefited by the philanthropic and protective warfare. Jim built her a new woodshed and Sam repainted the smokehouse. kitchen and Sam built fancy boxes around her trees. Jim put new bricks on her chimney and Sam built her a fine board sidewalk. Jim mowed down the weeds and Sam trimmed her trees. From being the most tumble-down place in Grassville Mary Ann's property came to be the best cared "Mary Ann was in her glory. She grew

ounger and more kittenish every day. She bought gay dresses and learned to play Jim and Sam against each other like a girl of themselves to deeds of charity now in earnest, all for the love of humanity in general, orphans in particular, and Mary Ann's three thousand dollars especially, but state of armed neutrality until one day in the following spring, when they both came out at the same moment to spade up Mary Ann's garden. "They only exchanged about a dozen

words on the subject of orphans and the soil they tore it up with their boots. four men to separate them. Jim had Sam's finger in his mouth and Sam had his teeth sunk in Jim's ear. The war was on, the first bloody battle had been fought and Grassville was in a spasm of delight that no doctor could cure. As soon as the two widowers were well enough they fought again in the interests of the orphan child with all the money, and yet again. Mary Ann began to complain that her garden was being neglected. 'The climax came with the fourth bat-

tle, which was fought along the onion bed, The disputed territory was completely disgusted and put on her white dimity dress with the violet ribbons, then hurried down to Zeke Hill's blacksmith shop, where she money ef he could of took it along, drat | told her troubles to the accompaniment of tears, though she was careful not to muss " 'I'll go right up there and lick the both

of them!' said Zeke, squaring off his big "I knowed you was a friend o' mine Zeke,' wept Mary Ann, carefully mopping up a tear so as not to make her eyes red, 'but it wouldn't do. Folks would be boun' to talk, onless'n you was my brother or semething. It's terrible when a lone girl has got three thousan' dollars an' no fa-

ther or brother-or-or husban' to look out for her! "Zeke silently blew away at his bellows for a few moments. "'Air you a lookin' for a husban', Mary "' Sakes no! declared Mary Ann. 'I'm not sayin', though, that a good, strong,

heavy-set man, not too old nor yet too pesky young, wouldn't come in mighty handy sometimes, like jest now.' "Zeke hauled a horseshoe out of the forge and pounded away at it silently for a few " 'How would I do, Mary Ann?' he ventured at last.

"'I've had you picked out for years!" Mary Ann covly confessed. "Zeke pulled off his leather apron and slammed it on the ground. " 'Jest you foller on up', said he. 'I'm in

"The thrashing Zeke Hill gave those two men is a classic in Grassville to this day. and the philanthropy of widowers to single women of property is as much of a joke in that section as the 'protection' of weak nations by stronger ones is in Washington just now. And what has all this to do with the far East war? Nothing much. Didn't I tell you that I'm trying my best to forget it?

"Still, there is a parallel. There are plenty of Zeke Hills for Mary Ann Korea, but that's the trouble. There are too many of them. England, Germany, France and even your sly Uncle Samuel are standing around feeling their biceps, but they are all afraid to pitch in, all of which brings me back to my text-Poor little Korea!

Keene's Keen Sarcasm.

Denver Republican. James R. Keene is a man of few words. much of his valuable time, aggravating her

offense by punctuating her remarks with, "And I know you're a very busy man." "Why, Mr. Keene, my heart was in my mouth, I couldn't speak. "Marvelous!" exclaimed the big operaure to have met you then." He bowed her out.

Wanted to Make Sure.

The much-abused mother-in-law gets another stab in the following story related by the always ready Champ Clark of Missouri. gret to inform you that your mother-ino'clock. Shall we embalm, cremate or bury her? Do not wish to take any steps until we hear from you.' "In order that there should be no mistake that the old lady was safely out of

" 'Embalm, cremate and bury her.' "

Little Known of the Rocky Mountains When It Was Published in 1797

In American Gazetter

the first book of the kind ever published, has really an amazing fund of information, but its most formation. Truth may be stranger than

Fancy a map of North America with no race of the Rocky mountains, or even of the ranges along the Pacific coast! Some faint rumor of the Rockies, however, had reached the learned and laborious author, for he says it is believed there are high hills in the interior reaching the dignity of mountains in some places, and perhaps not unworthy of being termed the Alle-ghanies of the West!

The upper Mississippi is very faintly and

aguely drawn; in striking contrast to it is the firm and impressive black line which designates the course of the "Maine or Salt river." in other words, the Des Moines, the principal river flowing entirely within the State of Iowa, a stream larger than the White, probably nearly as big as the Wabash. On the old map this river rises in the neighborhood of Fargo or Bismarck, N. D., and after it joins its important flood to the Mississippi, the latter becomes a large and well-defined river. The Mississippi is a stream wearly as large as the Descours is a stream wearly as large as the Descours is a stream wearly as large as the Descours is a stream wearly as large as the Descours is a stream wearly as large as the Descours is a stream wearly as large as the Descours is a stream wearly as large as the Descours is a stream wearly as large as the Descours is a stream wearly as large as the Descours is a stream wearly as large as the Descours is a stream wearly as large as the Descours is a stream wearly as large as the Descours in the stream was a large as the Descours in the stream was a large as the Descourse wearly as large as the Descourse was a large as the Descourse was the Descourse was a large as the Descourse was a large as the Descourse was a large as the Descourse was a large w souri is a stream nearly as large as the Des Moines, but more to the west and southfollowing nearly the course of the Platte, in fact. The striking thing is, that the Des Moines rises in a little lake, and the Oregon (Columbia) or River of the West, in another little lake close by it. Could some story of the nearness of the sources of the Missouri and the Columbia have come through Indians and trappers and have been misapplied? As will be seen at once, the old map puts the source of the Columbia a thousand miles too far to the east,

Was this not Morse's conjecture of a pos sible solution of the great problem of the northwest passage? The dream of all explorers, from the time of Hudson to the middle of the nineteenth century, was to through and later around North Amerbeen kind enough to take the course Morse suggested to them, there would have been the interviewer.

"Not in the least. It was made simply covered, and is at the mercy of every to have it.

"It was made simply covered, and is at the mercy of every to have it.

"It was made simply covered, and is at the mercy of every to have it.

"It was made simply covered, and is at the mercy of every to have it.

"It was made simply covered, and is at the mercy of every to have it." great lakes, around the lakes to the Chicago river, connecting by a carry of not more than four miles with the Illinois, down that river to the Mississippi, up the the source of the Columbia, and down that

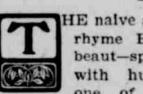
but there was nothing impossible about

that, so long as no one knew of the

northwest passage suggested in the Gazetteer. One Mr. Etches, an English navigator, had recently discovered that "all the west coast of America, from latitude 48 to 57 north, is not a continued tract of land, but a chain of unexplored !slands." That is, Mr. Etches had discovered the inland passage, now used by all vessels for Sitka. But beyond this chain of islands, Mr. Etches averred, was a vast inland sea, like the Baltic or the Mediterranean, all thickly strewn with islands. His ship, the Princess Royal, traversed this western several hundred leagues without reaching its end: but they did go so far as to be within two hundred leagues of Hudson's bay! Longitude is an uncertain matter at best, not fixed by the position of the stars, like latitude, and in all old maps and explorations, the north and south distances than fifteen hundred miles apart. But one can see the hopes raised by Mr. Etches's son bay! There were well-known streams running into the bay from the west; naturally there must be streams flowing into the new Mediterranean from the east-what more probable than that the headwaters of these streams connected by a short paspasage again!

Many names are given which one would scarce expect to find-Chicago and Chicago river, just as spelled to-day, for instance. for the white people in those days, tracts rounding forts, and ceded by the Indians to the United States in General Wayne's treaty. Kansez (tribe of Indians) is located just about where the State of Kansas is today, and Iova Town (Indian) is at the junction of the Des Moines and Mississippi The Galena river is called the Mine river. which means the same thing. But it is hard to recognize some names. The Kankakee river is the Theakiki on the old maps, Peoria is Rarias, and Wisconsin becomes Ouiscaning. The Ouiatanon, an important river and portage in Indiana, cannot be identified with any modern name, though the stream appears to be the upper Wa-

NOTES BY THE WAY



THE naive attempt of Puck's poet to beaut-spelled fleuth and beauth, one of Bill Nye's experience

Nye, plaintively, "spell it Nice and pro-nounce it neese-foreginers always spell better than they pronounce." So the Germans have no difficulty in spelling the name of their Wagnerian city correctly, but, in their ignorance, they pronounce it to rhyme with Detroit, instead of with flute.

The two-year-old at one of the city churches last Sunday certainly had a cor rect musical ear. He had behaved with great decorum through the service, and soprano solo, Gounod's "O Divine Re deemer." As the singer successfully took the highest note in the composition with accuracy and a full, round tone, the delight of the baby listener passed his powers of repression, and he joined in in perfect accord, taking the high note like a bird, and only marring the effect by holding it for a second or two after singer and organ had gone on to less trying tones.

The weather should take thought and reform. Just because cold is cheap and plentiful, it has exceeded its allowance by more than four hundred degrees since Jan. 1 and had overdrawn its account two or three hundred degrees before that time. Unless it begins economizing cold immediately, it will find it has an awful deficit to make up next summer, when cold is scarcest and most precious. Or, to change the figure, it has sold itself nearly seven hundred degrees short on cold this winter, and is going to get dreadfully squeezed next July, when there is no cold in the market.

Weir is a big English mastiff of portentous size and dignity. He does not care much for his master's family, which contains no children or young people, but spends most of his time on the front porch of a neighboring family, abundantly supplied with both. His owner, however, is still allowed the privilege of feeding him talk and of course an argument followed, his large and expensive rations. Weir has constituted himself the bodyguard of a young lady in the neighbor's household, and accompanies her on all walks. If she turns her steps downtownward, he walks behind her with dignified approval. If, however, she recklessly turns in the opposite direction and essays to walk toward the country. Weir gently but firmly remonstrates. That is, he stands exactly in front of her and keeps on doing so, no matter what social economy hobby, who talked away efforts she makes to walk around him. He also attaches himself especially to Dick, who is the only person in his adopted family from whom he will take orders. Dick-christened Anbrey Kirke Campbell, but called Dick from the eternal fitness of of my temper. I'm tired of finding out on an' drawin' me nigh onto \$130 a year. Now was his visitor. But in telling of a surprise things-is a happy-go-lucky youngster of fifteen. Weir has one great antipathy; he is the deadly fee of all tramps and pedthese classes ventures on Weir's street after one experience of his dangerous dogship. The other day a tin-peddler drove up the street. He was a tin-peddler of the highest respectability, well dressed, with a good horse and wagon, and his load so packed that it did not rattle. But Weir's unerring instinct somehow detected the awful fact that he was a peddler, and he launched himself from the borrowed front porch like a thunderbolt, only a little less fierce and dangerous than an African lion or a grizzly bear. The peddler waited for but the first glance at the formidable beast. rushing at him open-mouthed, before he whipped up his horse and yelled: "Call off your dog!"

The family looked at Dick, expecting instant action, but Dick's mind was engrossed with the question of legal responsibility, and he yelled back, in an injured

"But he isn't my dog!" Luckily, by the help of his good horse, the peddler escaped with his life.

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Some of the Unsolved, Peculiar Murder Mysteries of Indianapolis

Captain of Detectives Kinney, Long on the Local Police Force, Does Not Subscribe Absolutely to the Theory That "Murder Will Out" ...Several Murderers Have Escaped Justice

HE old saying that murder will out | suspicion was not directed against any one | detectives and police worked hard to get is an adage that does not always hold good. It seems strange that a person could be murdered in cold blood and the murderer escape without leaving a trace, yet this is

With all of the detectives, who have se for the deed escape detection.

There is a very plausible theory, however, advanced by the police why a mudrerer he has left town they can send his picture, before some policeman will pick him up. criminal with a record, and he may never

always lived, and no one will ever be the "dead men tell no tales," the police have no clews whatever to work on, and they are perfectly at sea as to knowing who "These people here," remarked | isted between the murderer and his victim.

commit but the one crime.

Captain Kinney, of the detective force, was asked the other day by a Journal reout." The captain is rather skeptical on this matter and did not hesitate to say that it did not hold true in all cases.

murders are recorded, an idea entirely original with Captain Kinney, which has not been in vogue many years, he said.

"This record does not go back a great many years, but by looking over it you can readily see that murders very often occur and we are unable to find anyone who was connected with them. There is seldom a case of this kind that we do not have someone under suspicion and I will venture to say that in nine cases out of ten we are right if the truth could be known, but we cannot get evidence enough to convict the persons we have under suspicion."

All of this time the captain had been turning over the leaves of the record, and finally coming to a certain page he said: "Now here is a case where a man was killed and suspicion pointed very strongly against a man. He was arrested, but with the evidence we had we could not hold him. "The murder I am speaking of is that of Andrew Dillon, who was for years the mar-

shal of Haughville before that suburb was

"On the night of June 28, 1890, while Dillon was making his rounds he met a number of young negroes coming from a dance. They were making a great amount of noise and, in fact, were very rowdy. Dillon ordered them to cease their loud during which he placed one of the negroes under arrest. Before he could get away with his prisoner one of the crowd drew a revolver and fired at the marshal, killing him instantly. "It was known that the negroes were from this city and the police worked diligently on the case and strong suspicion rested on a certain colored man. In fact it was of such a convincing nature that he was arrested, but as I said before the evi-

"Here is another case," said the captain, as he looked over the large book in front time created quite a sensation on account No person belonging to either of of the mystery that surrounded it.

dence against him was not enough to con-

vict him and he was acquitted.

"A farm hand who was employed on the in which there was a large spring, from which water flowed all the time. When he arrived at the spring he was horrifled to find a dead body, which, owing to decomposition, it was almost impossible to

"There were, however, marks at the base

of the brain whichc showed that whoever it

was-for the victim's identity was never ascertained-had been hit on the back of the head with some kind of a blunt instrument. About this murder, for there was no doubt that it was a murder, nothing was ever found out, as there were no clews whatever to work on.

"Now I come to one of the most famous rounded with more mystery probably than

from poisoning. On May 24, of the same year, Clara Koester died from the same the last of the whole family, with the exception of the husband, and all of them had died from the same cause.

deaths was determined after they had all expired under very strange circumstances. The poison had been administered in exceedingly small quantities, and it was a hard matter for the physicians to determine just what had caused death in all the "After a time, however, it was reported to the police and we went to work upon it

with the result that Anna Wagner, the cause suspicion pointed more strongly toward her than any one else. "Her trial was a long one and after a hard fight on the part of her attorneys she was acquitted. No one else was arrested Now, some one was responsible for those murders, but just who it was, of course, was never ascertained, and in all probability the case will remain a mystery.

"Then here we have another case which illustrates clearly that murder will not alof Brightwood. He was found on the morn-

"Kline was employed at night at the Brightwood railroad shops. When found his head had been crushed with a hatchet. but the author of the crime was not known. Several persons were questioned by the detectives, but there was not the forehead. enough evidence against any of them to cause their arrest.

"There is hardly any limit to cases where murderers have escaped entirely from the police," Captain Kinney went on to say of Merchant Policeman John L. Waterson,

gained quite a reputation for efficiency both | We got him through the Bertillon system. in the neighborhood where his beat lay He had served one term at Columbus, O.

and among the police. burglars at work in a meat market located at Nineteenth street and Senate avenue. two burglars, and they got out of the store with Waterson in pursuit. A running fight | was finally brought here and is now serve followed in which a number of shots were | ing a life sentence at Michigan City." "A shot fired by one of the robbers hit Waterson, and some hours later he was found in a commons at the corner of Sixteenth street and Senate avenue. Who the

murderers were was never found out. A number of persons were suspected at the ry, sir, but we can't take out the sorrel time, but no arrests were ever made. "An interesting feature of this case was the fact that on Christmas day some bloodhounds were brought here from Greensburg and put on the trail, but with- and there's a spavin on the right fore out avail. They took us all over the north | wheel. part of town and then circled around to the south and finally wound up near Southport. Whether they were following the trail or going home we could never determine. "Upon first taking the trail, however, feel sure the dogs were right. They started off northeast, and after we had followed them for some time they came to a shed in

a large pool of blood on the floor. From this we took it that Waterson had also shot one of his assailants." "Is it not quite a common thing for burglars to shoot people who surprise them and then make good their escape?" the

a back yard, where they stopped and began

to howl. We, of course, went in, and found

"No, it is not a common thing, for burglars as a general rule will attempt to get away without shooting, but there have been instances where the person showed fight and the burglar shot him. To illustrate this I will site the case of Christian Wilharm. "Wilharm, on coming home, surprised a burglar, who shot him. An arrest was made in this case. William Alexander, shortly after this, was captured for entering houses in the neighborhood where Wilharm lived, and in fact the Wilharm house had been robbed some two weeks previous to the murder, and some of the goods that had been taken at that time were found in Alexander's possession.

"We always supposed that he returned to rob the house, that Wilharm caught him in the act, and, to escape, the negro shot him, but there was not evidence enough to convict him, so he escaped punishment. "Another case of this kind, where a man was killed by some one attempting to rob him, happened about four years ago.' Turning to the record, the captain said: "Yes, to be exact, it happened on March 11,

"John B. Stout on this night was held up by footpads on Senate avenue at the first alley north of Ohlo street. He showed fight "Who the victim was and who was his and the footpads shot him. There was murderer, and whether he was killed at nothing more to this case than the facts this particular spot, or taken there from as I have stated them. No arrests were a distance, was never learned. This is one ever made, and no one ever had any susof the few murders on our record where picion directed against him, although the

and where there was not a single clew to some clew as to the identity of the mur-

At this juncture in the conversation Depoisoning cases that ever occurred in this | tective Timothy Splan, who has been con-

occurred in 1883 near Traders' Point, a small settlement a few miles west of the her married daughter lived together on a little farm. Both of the women were well along in years, the former close to eighty, while the latter was, I believe, about fifty. One morning in the early spring a farmer going by discovered both their bodies, and they had been murdered either during the night or early in the morning. It was. lowever, supposed that the murder had taken place early in the morning because the daughter had an armful of corn, as though she had started out to feed the hogs

and was killed in her tracks. "At the time this murder created a great amount of excitement, but no one was ever strongly suspected of it. It was a most brutal affair in every way, as the two women had been struck on the back of the head with some kind of a sharp instrument-presumably a corn knife."

Then said Captain Kinney: "You see, Frank Redmond, the fireman at the No. 8 who was shot by a burglar engaged in robbing the store of Job Eldridge, directly across the street from the engine house. one night shortly after supper.

"Eldridge gave the alarm, and a number of firemen started in pursuit, with Redmond in the lead. He gained on the robber so closely that the latter shot at him. and the bullet struck Redmond square in

"The shooting happened at the first alley running north, south of the engine house, Just as the burglar turned into the alley he shot the fireman, who was only a few "At the time no trace could be found of the robbers, for there were three of them, and they afterwards turned out to be James

Burton, Carl Harvey and Edward Phillips. Burton, however, was the man who actually did the shooting. 'When this murder occurred bloodhounds were brought here and every effort was put forth to get the men who did it, but it was eight months before Rurton was arrested. and at the time of his arrest he was serving a term in the penitentiary in Tennessee, Carl Harvey and Edward Phillips were both arrested not long after the murder "On this particular night he discovered and the detectives ascertained that Burton had been with them, but he could not

be found. His picture was sent broadcast

"After a rather hard fight," said Captain

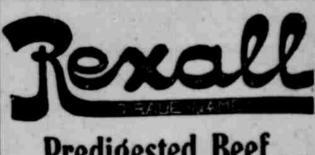
Kinney, "with the authorities down there,

for they did not want to give him up, he

and he was located in the Southern prison,

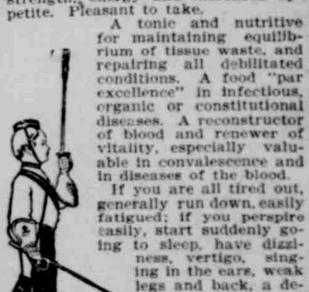
Something the Matter.

St. Louis Star. Chauffeur (who used to be a groom)-Sorautomobile this morning His Master-Can't, eh? Well, what's the Chauffeur-The left hind tire is winded



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